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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1881.

WHOLE NUMBER 492.

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WHITEFIELD, July 29th, 1881.

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"Dear friends, I meet you in a world of trouble and sorrow. Alas! sin is here and death reigns. This very world is temporarily occupied by Satan and his hosts. He is the 'God' of it, and the 'prince of the powers of the air.' When that is so we need not wonder that he inflicts torment and sorrow wherever he can. He tempts our souls to sin and brings horrible diseases upon our bodies; tears down our houses and uproots our crops; kills, maims, wounds, tends us, spirit, soul and body. Into this devil's world with its untold horrors Jesus comes—a precious Savior-bearing as gifts in His wounded hands salvation for the soul, joy and peace for the wounded spirit and healing for the body. We are thrice welcome to all He has brought, and only need to take in order to have. Also I how little of all this 'riches of His grace' is taken we need only look around to see. Salvation of the soul—eternal life—a free gift, yet millions die who never receive the gift. Opportunities they have abundantly, but 'the yoke of oxen,' a 'piece of ground,' a 'newly-married wife,' 'farm,' or 'merchandise' turn the eyes and thoughts from Jesus, and so His saving love goes begging. Thus, too, with life's burdens and the spirit's grief and sorrow. Millions bear their awful burdens unaided, not because there is 'no help for it but to bear it' but because with a loving burden bear at hand they stagger on, neglecting and refusing His professed aid. 'Weary and heavy-laden' they are, but do not 'come to HIM for rest.' So with the diseases of the body, Jesus says, bring them to me, I will heal them all. I am the same 'yesterday, today and forever.' I am as able and willing as 1,000 years ago. I am the body; I can cure its disorders. They are the devil's work, and I was 'manifested to destroy the works of the devil.' Only 'believe and receive and confess' me in this character of Great Physician, and at once I undertake your case. Did I ever love one? I will not fail in yours—only believe."

My sisters, "grievously tormented," suffering under the power of him who 'even has the power of death'—that is, the devil—I came as the messenger of God, bringing you 'glad tidings of great joy.' Jesus is a Savior 'all along the line.' He can and will cure you. Men may call your disease 'incurable,' believe them not. Jesus says, 'I will heal you.' Believe HIM. Jesus says, 'Are any of you sick? Let him send for the Elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the LORD, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord will raise him up.' I come thus to pray over you and anoint you. This all is nothing in itself. It is plain, sweet oil, bought in a drug-store in Richmond. It has no medicine in it; it is nothing. I have no power to cure you in myself. I do not need to look at your cancer or your drawn, rheumatic limbs. I only want to look at you. In HIM all power centers. In His dear name I offer this prayer of faith—in His dear name I anoint with this oil. He alone can heal. I believe He will. For He says so. 'The Lord will raise him up.' I put the case in His hands, and leave it there. I exhort you to do the same. His honor and reputation are staked upon the result. Be of good cheer, my sisters; Jesus calleth you to come to HIM.'

That is about what I said, then prayed over and anointed both. I left both cases unreservedly with Jesus. Thus will I do with all who come to me with their painful ills for succor, so help me God! "May this tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and this right hand forget its cunning," if I refuse the word of comfort or the touch of healing in the name of Jesus to any. But, "suppose—suppose—suppose— I suppose nothing." "Dana 'supposes' is what makes you miss all," as the old colored saint said once to a "supposing" Christian.

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Now "supposes" for me, I say, once and again, I am the LORD-loving servant, consecrated to, and intent on doing, His will. Think you HE will "try me above what I am able to bear" when He says His will not? Never! As He sends cases to me I will meet them wholly in His strength. I am not afraid to trust Him. Nor will I suppose for a moment that He will ever confront me with a case that previous grace and strength have not been given to meet. Oh, the joy, the ecstasy of this simple trust in Him, so worthy to be trusted!

Do I weary any with all this? It saddens me to think it; but they who "follow on to know the LORD" shall rejoice, and I am so glad to know that the number of such is increasing every day. 119 confessions to date; we trust for 300. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BANNER.

Little Johnny on Babes.

Babes ain't big enuf to tick, or you wud see me a-pitchin' them in 'em, I say to one, for I don't like 'em; but wot you like at one and see 'em so little, you say now if I was to take off my coat and give you a good thrashin' you could help yourself, so maybe you can't help being a nuisance, too. That's wot I say wen our baby puts its gummy hands into my face wen I make to set and mind him, but you just wot till he gets as big as me, so it would be a fair site, and then see what he do, that's all! I spose I like that little feller, like I me toole, but wot he puts his gummy hands for in my face wen I kiss him?

No wot was there a baby which is lots older than ours, but no more haf so big, and it can't work and tok, but such dress as that baby wears wuds make your head swim. It was in a shop window, and it is made of wax.

Mary, that's the housemaid, wen she comes to live with us, one day Uncle Ned he was a-playin' with the baby after the luncheon, and he had the cork of a ale bottle sticken on the corkers, and he was a-littin' baby wen it was in his mouth. Mary she cum in while he was a-doin' it, and she see him pull it out quick, and she ran in the kitchen as fast as she could and brot. Uncle Ned a tumbler on a tray. "Twee you and me, I don't believe that girl's got any thinkin'."

A locomotive's Brake With a Reptile.

On the Shenandoah Valley fast express entered the mile cut immediately North of our town, on Tuesday last, the engineer was horror-stricken to see what he supposed to be the end of the rail just ahead of his rushing locomotive sliding rapidly away from him. His first thought was a broken rail caught by the pilot, and he expected an instantaneous shock. Wonderfully unspared the place of fear when a second glance revealed a five-foot black snake of the species known as "runner," gliding rapidly away from him on the rail. In the excitement of the moment his hand sought the throttle; he threw it wide open, and the train bounded toward the impulse, but the snake maintained its lead, although the train was running at fully fifty miles per hour and when the end of the cut was reached an opportunity was afforded to escape it left the rail, ran out into an open space, coiled itself up, threw its head into the air spreading to its fanning. About twenty minutes after the tree was struck another loud and deafening report was heard in the tree, and on examination it was ascertained that the fire had communicated with a shell which was lodged in the tree during the war. The tree was somewhat shattered from the explosion of this old companion, and the bushes near by were cut down by the fragments. No one knew of the shell being in the tree, the fire was somewhat extinguished by the water from the hose.

A careful observer reports that he has seen a toad swallow fifty-four rose bugs for a single meal, and another feast on five large caterpillars, two-thirds the size of a lady's little finger. They will even take the hairy caterpillars that most birds like. Farmers would do well to cultivate so useful though humble a friend.

A Shovel Exploded by Lightning.

On last Wednesday afternoon, during a sudden thunder storm, a lightning bolt struck a large pine tree in a field belonging to Mr. S. G. B. Faulkner, who lives about eight miles from Richmond, in Hanover county. At the time Mr. Faulkner turned to the Senator with a quiet, calm expression, and replied:

"The blamed tools were all going down to Massachusetts to teach school!"

And they gazed a moment into each other's faces and sadly walked up to the kitchen.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - August 12, 1881

W. F. WALTON, - - - - - Editor

THE Virginia Democrats, in Convention last Friday in Richmond, nominated Hon. John W. Daniel for Governor, James Barbour for Lieutenant-Governor and P.W. McKinney for Attorney General, and adopted a platform urging the maintenance of the public credit of the State, condemning repudiation in every shape and form as a blot upon her honor, a blow at her permanent welfare and an obstacle to her progress in wealth, influence and power, and pledging every effort to secure a settlement of the debt of the State which is consistent with her honor and just to her creditors. This question is the all-important one now. The firm stand that the Democracy has taken on it must be a source of pride to honest people everywhere. It shows that there are still men, and a large number of them, in the Old Dominion who would pluck the dear old State from the disgrace of repudiation into which the thieving crowd of Mahoneys would plunge her, men who will go forth to battle for her honor and who will, it is more than probable, praise God, come out victorious. The selection of John W. Daniel is a happy one. Young, gifted, chivalrous, brave and honorable, we are confident that notwithstanding the fact that there will be three tickets in the field, he will be elected, for our faith in the integrity of a large majority of the people of the State is strong and abiding. As an orator Daniel has but few equals, a fact that is recognized since his matchless speech at the Cincinnati Convention preceding the nomination of Gen. Hancock.

THESE are a great many ways for people and newspapers to advertise themselves. For instance, a low-down individual near Cincinnati will with an oath that he wished Griffield would die. A bystander, thinking to obtain a little cheap notoriety, promptly knocked him down. The knucker was arrested and fined. The Commercial heard of the matter and straightforward it advertises that it would print the names of every one sending a cent to pay the fine. It is pleasant sure to see one's name in print, as Byron on one occasion remarked, "If we are not ashamed to let a Radical go to the Senate from this District. We are ashamed, indeed, but we would tie a stone about our necks and cast ourselves into the sea, if we had, like, the Herald, allowed both a Republican Senator and Representative to be elected in our county and districts."

"GUTH'S" father, the Rev. Alfred Townsend, a Methodist minister, died in Philadelphia, last week, and the unanswerable conundrum suggests itself, Why, oh! why, was not George Alfred taken to?

HARRISON BAILEY, Esq., an honored ex-Lincolner, was elected to the Legislature in Shelby county after a hotly contested fight by 296 majority.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Judge Garrett's majority in the 16th District is 240.

Gov. Crittenden has offered \$50,000 reward for the Missouri train robbers.

The first bale of new cotton received at Memphis was sold at auction for 25 cents a pound.

Mrs. Emma Smith, for Circuit Clerk of LaRue, beat John W. Moren 265 votes. Of course, she is a Democrat.

Some twenty freight cars, in the L. & N. yards at Louisville, caught fire Tuesday, and eight were entirely consumed.

The train in Eastern passenger rate of cents from Indianapolis to New York.

Gen. Hancock has forwarded to Secretary Lincoln his acceptance of the invitation to command the troops at the Yorktown celebration.

North Carolina voted a few days ago on prohibition, and by a majority of 70,000 determined to continue to make and take sugar in their.

Maine contributed only \$82,457.05 to support the Federal government last year, while Kentucky paid \$8,719,162.21. Vermont's amount was \$53,000.

The Richmond & Allegheny Road has just been completed from Richmond, Va., to a point on the Chesapeake & Ohio Road, distant 146 miles, called Clifton Forge.

"Southern" representative men are urging that Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, be appointed to the vacancy in the U. S. Supreme Court, caused by the death of Judge Clifford.

Track-laying is said to be progressing finely on the Big Sandy R. R., and the prospect is that trains will be running from Mt. Sterling to the Chesapeake Bay by the Yorktown Centennial in October.

The last General Assembly of Kentucky changed the time of meeting from the last Monday in December to the fourth Monday in November. The Legislature will, therefore, meet November 28th.—[Courier-Journal].

Orvil Grant, only brother to ex-President Grant, died Friday in a New Jersey Insane Asylum. He lost a fortune of \$100,000 by the Chicago fire, and for five years he has been crazy on the subject of speculations.

Mrs. Ballard, of Clarke county, who has been so badly afflicted with rheumatism for eleven years that she has not walked a step in all that time, went to Pink Cottage three weeks ago, and she can now walk about a little.—[Lexington Transcript].

Venner says we may expect a great change in weather about the time the new comet is in perihelion. This will occur on the 20th of the present month. During the week of the 15th to the 20th, instead of being burn up, as many would be, we shall be nearly frozen by frosts and strong cold northern winds.

The Richmond & Allegheny Railroad

Syndicate has purchased the water-power of the city of Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va. The price paid was \$200,000. The purchasers intend to develop the manufacturing resources of the place, and will begin at once the erection of cotton mills and other factories.

A special from the Pine Ridge Agency, Nebraska, says: "Crow Dog, the Captain of Police at the Rosebud Agency, shot and instantly killed Spotted Tail about 3 o'clock Friday afternoon. There had been an ill-feeling between them for some time. Crow Dog went to Fort Niobrara to remain until further developments. Trouble is anticipated."

Nathan Orlando Greenfield, who has had three trials, has been sentenced three times to be hanged, and has six times been reprieved. The opinion that prevailed in the Court and out of them all through this litigation, was that he killed his wife, and there was nobody at last who disagreed with the verdict.

At Corbinville, Mercer county, last Saturday, Huffman and Brown, who had agreed to disagree and never speak to each other again, met in a low bar-room.

Huffman, a blacksmith, had just recovered from a six weeks' illness.

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last who disagreed with the verdict.

At Corbinville, Mercer county, last

Saturday, Huffman and Brown, who had

agreed to disagree and never speak to each

other again, met in a low bar-room.

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning. - August 12, 1881.

L. & N. TIME CARD.

Passenger Train to Louisville.....17:45 P. M.

Passenger Train to Richmond & Lexington.....1:40 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

A FRESH Lemons 5 cents piece at Asher Owsley.

Go to McRoberts & Stagg for the Best 5 cent Cigar.

Books on Faith Cures for sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

The best cigar in town is found at Penny & McAlister's.

Watches and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

MADAME DEMORET'S Fall style Patterns for sale at McRoberts & Stagg's.

For medicinal purposes buy a bottle of 10-year-old Whisky from McRoberts & Stagg.

A SPLENDID line of Toilet Soaps and Perfumery, very cheap, at Penny & McAlister's.

For ice cold, delicious! That's the kind of Soda Water you get at Penny & McAlister's.

A large stock of Jewelry, Watches and Silverware, at less than city prices, at Penny & McAlister's.

The Ready-mixed Paints sold by McRoberts & Stagg are the best sold— are guaranteed in every particular.

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LOCAL MATTERS.

New Fall Calico at McAlister & Lytle's.

EXTRA lot of Baby Carriages at R. H. Warren's.

SIXTEEN YEAR-OLD WHISKY for medical purposes at the St. Asaph Bar.

HALE & NUNNELLEY have taken the agency for the celebrated Davis Sewing Machine.

Bio line of Cowan & Stover's celebrated Buffalo Soap, just received by Hale & Nunnelley.

J. T. HARRIS informs us that he has a good lot of beavers on grass, and will commence butchering in September.

Geo. D. WEAREN received, this week, another car-load of nice Buggies, Carriages and Phaetons. Call and see them. Prices low.

I WILL be prepared in due season to furnish farmers with the very best varieties of Seed Wheat and Rye. Make a note of this. Geo. D. Wearen.

NOTHING helps a Theatrical Company more than a gentlemanly Advance Agent, and in their selection Richmond & McElreth are peculiarly fortunate. Mr. C. J. Warren is an ideal agent.

WHERE IS HE?—Where is Lieut. T. J. Emmett? When last heard from he was in Northwestern Indiana, near Rainsville. Information of him will be thankfully received by his aged mother, now lying at the point of death. Address W. E. Sutherland, Highland, Lincoln county, Ky.

As Mr. W. O. ALEXANDER was driving with his family to Hall Springs yesterday, the holding back strap of the harness broke and allowed the vehicle to run upon the horse, which began to kick furiously. The shafts were broken, the dash knocked off, and a pretty general wreck made. Fortunately, nobody was seriously hurt.

The Richmond & McElreth Dramatic Company, than which there are not better on the road, rendered "Divorce" and "Hazel Kirke" at our Opera House this week to highly delighted audiences, judging from the hearty applause and favorable comments. While both performances were of a superior character, "Hazel Kirke" could hardly have been improved on. Harry Richmond, as "Dunstan Kirke," the blind miller, gave as fine a piece of acting as we ever saw, while Miss Alice Irving, who is favored with beauty as well as accomplishments, was a charming representation of the wayward though loving "Hazel Kirke." The "Pittacus Green" of Mr. S. B. McElreth showed his fine abilities as a comedian, and won for him many a hearty laugh. The rest of the Company was much above the average, making the whole entertainment a thoroughly enjoyable one. The orchestra is also deserving of praise, as it was of the hearty applause that it received. We have had no better behaved nor nicer party of ladies and gentlemen as composed this troupe, and it gives us pleasure to testify to their merits. A crowded house will no doubt greet them on their return Monday night next (15th), when they will appear for one night only, before leaving for the South, in the beautiful place of "Ingomar, the Barbarian."

Call and see George D. Wearen's new Wheat Drill.

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A slight rain fell on Saturday evening, scarcely sufficient to lay the dust.

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 Bacon, shoulders, 5 lb. Bacon, sides, 175¢
 Bacon, hams, 175¢ Bacon, hams, 175¢
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 Flour, 50 lb. 75¢ Meal, 75¢
 Butter, 100¢ 50 lb. Eggs, 10¢
 Brown Sugar, 100 lb. White Sugar, 11¢ 18 1/2¢
 Coffee, 18¢ 50 lb. Molasses, 7¢ 18 1/2¢
 Salt, 7 lb. 2¢ Vinegar, 4¢
 Irish Potatoes, 50¢ 75¢ Corn, per barrel, 18¢
 Coal, on car, 10¢ 10¢ Coal, delivered, 18¢



As for the Russians being "barbarians," and to a great extent incurably barbarous, that is a position susceptible of a great deal of argument from many points of view. The most familiar, most ad captandum, and perhaps the most unjust theory is that even the better-educated and refined of Russians are at the best only costed with a thin veneer of civilization. The great master of cynical terrors in expression, Prince Bismarck, has lent the immense weight of his celebrity and his repute for far-reaching sagacity in judging the characters of mankind to the "venerating" and "barbarian" hypothesis in his famous dictum: "The Russian is a capital fellow till he tucks his shirt in." To understand the tremendous force of this merciless resume of the Muscovite character one must have lived in Russia. Ivan Ivanovich the mounjik-peasant, droshky-driver, mechanic, porter, laborer, or what not—wears his shirt usually a red cotton one—outside his other garments. All those familiar with the human history Ivan Ivanovich is to be, on the whole, a "capital fellow." He is frank, brave, generous, affectionate and docile. He is a fervent devotee of the grossly idolatrous rites of the Russo-Greek Church which some Anglican ritualists are insane enough to think can, without much difficulty, be brought into communion with the Church of England. He is grossly ignorant; but he has the most reverence for the offices of the church, and does not think the worse of his Pope or priest when, in his village, he is occasionally called upon to assist in carrying home from the dramshop the ecclesiastic dead drunk, on a stretcher. Ivan himself goes tipsy when ever he has the chance of doing so; but he is the best natured of sorts, and too much beer or vodka scarcely ever makes him riotous or pugnacious. Inebriety rather incites him to the shedding of mandarin tears, or to an excess of piet in extemporating to the right and left in order to exercise the devil.

Truthful he can scarcely be said to be. He has been too recently a slave to be able to understand the moral culpability of telling a lie, but he is passing honest. He is, in fine, "good wood," capable of being seasoned and fashioned to many useful purposes, and he is in particular industrious, patient and submissive. He is not very inventive, but he has a curiously strong imitative faculty, almost Chinese in its concentration and laborious fidelity to the thing to be imitated. Thence he can be taught to be an admirable cabinet-maker, an inlayer, an enamelist, a pottery-painter, and a worker in metals. Similarly, his woman-kind are the most skillful of embroiderers. He is very domesticated, and very fond of his children, although he occasionally thrashes his wife. Of strong liquor, as I have hinted, he is passionately fond; otherwise he is content to live on the simplest and coarsest fare. White bread he seldom tastes; "brick tea" is, after corn bready, his favorite beverage; half-pickled oysters, or dwarf cabbages, enter largely into his diet, and with bad drainage, help to give him typhus and the cholera; and he can sleep anywhere—the top of a stove is his most chosen resting-place—quite indifferent as to bed-clothes. There is no braver soldier than Ivan Ivanovich when he is drawn for the conscription, and crop and shaven, and put into a hideous gray gabardine, with a spiked helmet on his head and a rifle in his hand. Dress him up in a gaudy livery, powder his head, and put silken hose on his big calves, and he will make a stalwart and as obedient a lackey. Put him on the box of a droshky, a sledgo or a carriage, accoutre him in a blue caftan, with a sash round his waist and a fur cap on his head, and let him hold the reins squarely, and he will drive you through the snowy "perspectives" of St. Petersburg for hours and hours—aye, and wait unimuriously outside the house where you are visiting, or the restaurant at which you are dining, say from 8 in the evening until 2 or 3 in the morning.

SMALL SAVINGS—SMALL LOSSES.

The man who saves something every year is on the road to prosperity. It may not be possible to save much. It may, save a little. Don't think a dollar or a dime is too small a sum to lay by. Everybody knows how little expenditures get away with large sums. But few seem to know that the rule is one that works both ways. If a dime spent here and a dollar there soon make a large hole in a man's income, so those dimes and dollars laid away soon become a visible and respectable accumulation. In this country any man may make himself independent, or keep himself under the harrow for life, according as he wastes or spends his "small change." How many things do individuals and families buy that they do not need, or cannot afford. Think twice before you spend that small coin. Don't be stingy or mean, but also don't be foolishly self-indulgent.

The self-indulgent person is far more likely to be ungenerous than the self-denying one.

The money wasted on hurtful things—like the drugs and medicines we indulge with our diet in the forms of tea, tobacco, alcohol and the like—stand on the very threshold of prosperity, and by the way of thousands to a home in their old age.—*Harriet New Yorker.*

THE MEANING.

"What is the meaning of the word 'tantalizing'?" asked the teacher.

"Please, marm," spoke up little Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession, passing the school-house, and the schools are not allowed to look out."

IN proportion to population the taxation is higher in France than in England.

In France it is \$2.25 per head in England, \$1.50.

The interest on the French debt now exceeds that of the English debt.

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